Love Betray'd;

OR, THE

Agreable Disapointment.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

By the Author of *The Ladies Visiting-Day.*

by Chas. Burnaby

Jam te sequetur.

LONDON:

Printed for *D. Brown* at the *Black-Swan* without *Temple-Bar*, *F. Coggan* in the *Inner-Temple-Lane*, *Fleet-Street*, *W. Davis* at the *Black-Bull*, and *G. Strahan* at the *Golden-Ball* against the *Exchange* in *Cornhill.* 1703.

Love Restored

THE PREFACE.

PArt of the Tale of this Play, I took from *Shakeſpear*, and about Fifty of the Lines; Thoſe that are his, I have mark'd with Inverted Comma's, to diſtinguiſh 'em from what are mine. I endeavour'd where I had occaſion to introduce any of 'em, to make 'em look as little like Strangers as poſſible, but am affraid (tho' a Military Critick did me the honour to ſay I had plunder'd all from *Shakeſpear*) that they wou'd eaſily be known without my Note of diſtinction.

The

The Conduct of the Drama I broke by design, to make room for a Mask that is mention'd in the last Act, but the House neglecting to have it Set to Musick, the Play came on like a change of Government, the weight of the Calamity fell among the Poor; that is, the chief Persons only were taken care of without any regard to those of Inferiour consideration.

I endeavour'd to make the Conversation as general as it was possible; but since Infamy and Pride, Affectation and Singularity are the proper objects of this sort of Writing, it is very difficult to escape the being thought Particular: The whole Herd are Alarm'd.

Sibi quisque timet quanquam est intactus & odit.

A Person of this sort, I am told, has complain'd (to some who were not so proper to satisfie him in it) that he is Disho-

The PREFACE.

Nos numerus ſumus & fruges conſumere nati.

They have been told that Nature gives us but few Pleaſures, and that Reaſon robs us of ſome of thoſe.

A PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. Dogget,

In a Lawyers Gown.

IF no diſguiſe ſhou'd paſs upon the Age,
This wou'd be then the Habit of the Stage:
We Live on Plays, as Lawyers on a Cauſe,
And both our buſineſs is to hide their Flaws:
We neither care if Cliant ſinks or ſwims,
Nor ſtruggle for the Cauſe, but what it brings:
We have our Judges too-----ſuch as they are;
Some Frown! ſome Swell! ſome Nod too! and ſome Hear!
Tho' they can't See----- [The Upper Gallery.
No Cliant can their ſtubborn Virtue move,
Yet ſome Intelligence with us they Love.
To us the Learned in the Law they'll yield,
And lengthen out the Harveſt of the Field:
Our Fiddles, Songs and Dances, are Sham Pleas,
To baffle Juſtice, and to bring in Fees:
Our dirty Mobb, and all the Rabble Rout,
Are----Attorneys! Bayliffs! Clerks! that clog the Court,
And liſtening Councel!-----

When

hen you our Judges come, the Court is Set,
nd chance determins every Poet's Fate:
e both love Forms, that have been ſettled once well,
nd ſtill with Prologue Speaks----the opening Councel.
y Lord! this Cauſe is evident! ſpeaks for it ſelf my Lord!
nd ſome---I beg your Lordſhip's Ear for half a word.
o we Stage Councels, with the ſame deſign,
pen our Cauſe, ſome Strut too, and ſome Whine:
s we and Lawyers thus exactly match,
et not our Court be ſcandal'd for diſpatch;
ut with the ſame amuſing Wiſdom pauſe,
nd Spin the Tryal, tho' you Damn the Cauſe.

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. *Barry*.

OUR Marriages we ſee are made above,
And not directed for the thing we Love;
But tho' I'm pleas'd, muſt ſome Reflections make,
That much allay this lucky ſtrange miſtake:
My Husband, had he Wit, might fear, again
Another Man may do as much by him!
Excuſes too will never be believ'd!
For here----few Women are, but once deceiv'd:
Yet no ſuſpicion in his Climate thrives,
The French----are never Jealous of their Wives:
Marriage in this, for Women does decree;
The Knot is Wove with ſo much ſubtlety,
That 'tis the Husband's Intereſt not to ſee:
He can't our Shame, without his own diſcloſe,
So much 'tis at his Peril, if he knows!
Thus Nature wiſely for our Peace provides,
And from the Men, her tender Secrets hides:
To Live in Ignorance ſhe makes their ſtore;
But Woman's happineſs in knowing more:

Yet

Yet a ſtrange Star, when ſhe was Born muſt ſhine,
Whoſe Joy's ſecur'd by croſſing her deſign!
A different Fate the Lover was allow'd,
Who ſought a Subſtance, and imbrac'd a Cloud:
For me the Subſtance for the Cloud is lay'd;
Was ever Love ſo civilly betray'd?
No diſapointment ever was ſo kind;
Or Woman ſo much cheated to her mind!

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Boadicia, Queen of Britain.

Female Warriour.

Rinaldo and Armida.

Plot and No Plot.

} All by Mr. *Hopkins*.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Morene,	Mr. *Verbrugen.*
Drances,	Mr. *Powell.*
Sebaſtian,	Mr. *Booth.*
Taquilet,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Rodoregue,	Mr. *Fieldhouſe.*
Pedro,	Mr. *Pack.*

WOMEN.

Villaretta,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Caſario,	Mrs. *Prince.*
Dromia,	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Lawra,	Mrs. *Lawſon.*

Officers and Attendants.

Love

ACT I.

SCENE, a Houſe in *Venice*.

Enter Villaretta, *and* Emilia, *follow'd by a Page at a diſtance.*

Em. HA! ha! ha! ha! ha! I ſhall die! ha! ha! oh! hold me——

Vill. Here! here! take the Sots Cordial; a little of the ſame—— read on and live——

(gives her a Letter)

Em. Ha! ha! ha! This Letter has ſomething in it! I wiſh a Lover of mine wou'd write ſo—— I ſhou'd like it far beyond your charming Shapes, pretty Mouths, or all the fine Eyes in the World—— ſuch Compliments are meer Whip-cream to this.

Vill. You are ſmitten *Emilia!*

Em. Why he writes the fineſt in the World! and there's not a Woman in *Venice*, except your Ladyſhip, but wou'd be ſmitten too—— let's ſee if it be poſſible to reſiſt ſuch Eloquence.

(reads)

Madam,

Madam,

I love you very much; as a proof of my Sincerity, I am worth Two hundred thousand Cechines, and will settle all to reconcile you to the Name of

ANTONIO.

Vil. A saucy Fellow!

Em. Nay then I don't know what you call Civil--- I never saw such a well-bred Letter in my Life. I love a Banker's inditing! When shou'd one hear a Courtier say so? I wonder you are not mov'd at it, and a Widow too!

Vil. 'Tis for that reason! The greatest Happiness of our Lives, is to have got free from the Mens Dominion very early; they are all Tyrants———

Em. If the Piece indeed be as bad as your Pattern.

Vil. It must be so; all Husbands are the same; Love makes 'em our Prisoners, and Jealousy our Goalers; so between these two, a poor Woman has no quiet———

Em. Till they are dead.

Vil. Ha! ha! right *Emilia*; the Grave gives more People rest, than those it holds——— take care you don't want that comfort.

Em. I fear it not——— because you have burnt your Mouth, shan't keep me from tasting——— I'll venture upon a Man, in spite of all the Terror about him-- in a Province of *Italy* too.

Vil. The worst Place in the World to marry in; if one wou'd be a Mistress, I shou'd chuse *Italy*; If a Wife, *England*, but a Maid shou'd live in *France*, for there

there she may have all the Enjoyments of the other two, and keep her Character.

Em. Upon such terms indeed one might live a Maid all ones Life.

Vill. Ha! ha! without repining at leading Apes hereafter.

Em. The Curse wou'd be a little moderated.

Vill. With these Principles, *Emilia*, you may pass your time well enough, be your Tyrant ever so much an *Italian*; for Love will always be too cunning for Jealousy.

Em. Nay if he suspected my Virtue, the first thing I'd do, shou'd be to lose it—— If he set a Spy of his own Sex upon me, as many Husbands do, I'd find a way to bribe my Keeper, as all Wives do—— And if he lock'd me up---

Vill. You cou'd have no way left---

Em. But Imagination--- and that shou'd revenge me every Minute.

Vill. Spoke like the Spirit of our Sex! I find the Men will get nothing by opposing us, we are all *English* by Nature, and to flatter us, is the best way to enslave us--- But to avoid the hazzard, I'll treat all Men as I do this Fellow--- Page! bear this back to *Antonio*, and tell him, if he has the assurance to write again, I'll have his Ears taken off, and nail'd up in the *Ryalto*.

(Exit Page with a Letter)

Em. Well now cou'd not I for my Heart have sent such an Answer to a Compliment of 200 thousand--- Why the Duke himself don't say finer things to you.

Vill. I seldom mind what he says, and the reason I don't quite put him off, is, because it pleases me to govern him that governs *Venice*.

Em. I shou'd not venture so far--- Beauty's an Empire that won't last always.

Vill. As long as I live *Emilia*--- When knew you a rich Womans Face have any Wrinkles, or a rich Man's Head any Folly?

Em. Then the Banker's must be an ingenious one.

Vill. Name him no more--- such a greasy Fellow next my Stomach, is enough to give me the Spleen all Day.

Em. What with so much Gold about him? I'm told it's the best Cure of it in the World, and brightens the Complexion--- No body has the Spleen but old Women, and younger Brothers--- Say what you will, *Villaretta*, a Banker has his Charms.

Vill. But she that weds for those Charms, may find her self ne'er the Handsomer.

Em. I'm strangely deceived then-- for tho' they'll give little, yet they'll trust one with all; and I shou'd scarce be the first Steward that did not provide for my self.

Vill. Nay, you're a States-man's Daughter, and they never were concern'd in the Government, that can tell Money and be poor, Cosen.

Em. But Husbands, I fear, reckon better than the Publick. And if after ten Years Managery, I shou'd be so unfortunate to be found out.

Vill. The Calamity wou'd come too late. The Steward wou'd be too great for the Lord.

Em. Yet there wou'd be some little Flaws in our Character.

Vill. Not if there were none in your Estate.

Em. I like your Philosophy extreamly--- why this is Virtue all Woman-kind may follow--- But to be grave, these Men, after all, have made a poor Woman's Conduct so difficult, that most of our Pleasures clash with

our

our Reputation--- 'tis not ſo with them; they may do any thing, and yet be Men of Honour.

Vill. Thoſe that make Laws will always favour themſelves. They have made their own Honour conſiſt in Bravery, which is for their advantage; but ours to conſiſt in Chaſtity, which is not for ours.

Em. If we had order'd things, it had been the Mens part to be Modeſt, Faithful, Reſerved, and hating every thing they deſired, and ours to ha' done what we pleaſe.

Vill. The World had been much better govern'd that's certain--- Why ſhou'd a pack of Bald-pated, ſhriveled old Fellows, give Laws to us that are young and handſome?

Em. So Arbitarily too--- They have left us nothing--but the power of deceiving 'em.

Vill. And that no body can take from a Woman.

Em. 'Tis pretty well employ'd too--- for we look upon their Ordinances, as a Lawyer does upon a new Statute, not to mind the intent of it, but to find a hole to creep out at.

Vill. Ha! ha! and I have been told that 'tis impoſſible to make 'em ſo binding, but one may find ſome, *Emilia.*

Em. Ha! ha! yet how can we get over ſo palpable a Law, as *Wives be true to your Husbands.*

Vill. O! by making them get over as palpable a Condition; *Husbands love your Wives*; which now you know is not the Faſhion.

Enter a Foot-man.

Foot. Madam, The Duke of *Venice* deſires to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Vil.

Vill. Let him ſtay--- I an't at leiſure yet---

(Exit Foot.)

This mighty Man, *Emilia*, comes ſo often, I ſhall be tired with laughing at him--- I'll e'en give him his Anſwer, as my Woman calls it.

Em. People might diſpence with your leavings; the Banker, and the Duke; all Women han't ſuch Lovers to throw away---

Vill. All Lovers are alike to me, *Emilia*, they're Men; and when a Hypocrite is known, 'tis ridiculous to ſee him practice his ſoft Airs, forc'd Languiſhments, and low Bows:

Em. Soft! here's the Duke.

Vill. Then for an Inſtance.

Enter Moreno, *bowing very low.*

Mor. Madam, I come to prove *Moreno*'s Fate:
This Day has been propitious to our Race;
My Father on it triumph'd o'er the *Turks*,
And gain'd the loſt *Morea* to the State.
Moreno's Fortune may be great as his,
If Heaven and *Villaretta* will be kind.

Vill. Still upon this Subject, my Lord---? you know my Mind; that I aſſure you is not Woman, for it ſhall never alter--- ſo no more, my Lord.

Mor. Yet hear me, Madam, I do not offer you a Wretch, a Vagabond, an Out-law.

Vill. No! a Duke of *Venice*.

(ſmiling)

Mor. Madam, I plead no merit from my Fortune; all Honour vaniſhes before the Fair; and all are mean to *Villaretta*'s Eyes.

Em.

Em. (*Aſide*) The poor Man is certainly in earneſt!

Mor. Nay, I wou'd for ever quit all Glory, Friends, the World, if to loſe thoſe Trifles, I ſhou'd gain your Favour.

Vill. No promiſing, my true Lord; but ceaſe this whining Entertainment, and when we meet, let us have no Speeches with Sighs at the end of 'em.

Em. (*Aſide to her*) Well! if he has half ſo much Modeſty as Paſſion, I'll anſwer for your quiet hereafter--

Vill. No bleeding Heart, ſoft Sonnet, purling Streams, nor ſuch like melancholy Things.

Mor. (*Aſide*) That I cou'd tear the Tyrant from my Breaſt. A true Mercileſs, Inſolent--- Charming Woman---!

Em. (*to* Vill.) Couſen *Drances* drunk, as I live!

Enter Drances.

Dra. My Lord, I'm yours.

Mor. Segnior *Drances*---

Vill. (*Aſide*) One Fool is enough at once---

(*fretting*)

Dra. What my Couſen in her moods? My Lord, don't mind her--- If you had been as deep in the Cellar as I have, you wou'd not care a Fig for her--- The Jade is a Virtue, my Lord, and I never knew a Woman have the leaſt good Nature, that had any Honeſty, by *Jupiter*.

Em. I believe, Sir, your Acquaintance are very good Natured.

Dra. Well ſaid Coz.! My Lord, I'm no Sinner, if I had not once a ſtrong Inclination to ſtrain a Commandment with that freſh colour'd Couſen of mine--- She's a pretty Wench, and Fleſh and Blood you know--- But my dear Lord be merry.

Mor.

Mor. That from *Villaretta*, would make me ſo for ever.

Vill. Then I deſire it my Lord, and leave you to't for ever.

(*Exeunt* Em. *and* Vill.)

Mor. She's gone, and all that's happy with her.

Dra. Let her go, my Lord--- Hang theſe Women, they're never good Company when there's more than one Man in the Room with 'em.

Mor. You're a happy Man, *Drances*--- when ſhall I have your Quiet?

Dra. When you drink like me--- Sit but a Hand out, my Lord--- All the Joys in Nature lie in the ſecond Bottle; your Groves, and Streams, and Nightingales--- and twenty things beſides Women with black Eyes.

Mor. If *Villaretta* appear'd there, I'd drink for ever.

Dra. Live with me, my Lord, and try--- Ha! ha! my Kinſwoman and I, you muſt know, divide the Houſe; all under-ground is mine; the whole Region of Mirth and Claret. I can't look upward without a Treſpaſs--- Ha! ha! I happened to whiſper her Houſe-maid, that I had fallen in love with one Morning at Prayers, and ſhe ſent her to the Devil immediately, for I never ſaw her after.

Mor. Where cou'd you fly for that Day.

Dra. To the Curate's Comfort, my Lord; a Bottle and a Pipe; for grief is never eas'd ſo well, as when its drown'd; try it my Lord, drink, and remember *Villaretta* no more.

Mor. (*Sighs*)

Dra. Don't ſigh, my Lord, it has a dead Sound, there's ſome Muſick now in a Hick-up.

Mor.

Mor. What can I do, when *Villaretta* is ſo cruel?

Dra. Do, my Lord! why you go the wrong way to do any thing with a Widow---

Mor. If my Love and Services won't recommend me--

Dra. Potguns! they may do well enough with a Maid-- A Country unus'd to War, and eaſily ſurpriz'd; but a Widow's a fortify'd Town, that has had Enemies before it, and will never be taken, my Lord, without you bring down the great Guns upon it.

Mor. But in Love, *Drances*, we muſt all fight like *French*-men; if we can't bribe the Governour, we ſhall never come at the Garriſon.

Dra. Well, my Lord, to ſerve you, and to divert a Miſtreſs of mine--- for *Cupid* has been playing about the Edges of my Glaſs, and juſt put in the tip of his Arrow--- 'tis but a ſlight Wound; *Dromia*'s Darts han't kill'd out-right---

Mor. Not theſe 50 Years: Why you had better marry your Grand-mother: She'll neither adminiſter to your Happineſs nor Mirth.

Dra. But ſhe makes the beſt Water-gruel in the World--- Others marry to have more Care, but I to be taken care off--- The diverſion is, I have told the Butler, (who is a very ſilly Fellow, my Lord,) that my Couſin is in Love with him.

Mor. And how did it move him?

Dra. As Sack and Sugar does a Midwife--- He lick'd his Lips immediately, and ſent for a Taylor to make him a Gentleman.

Mor. To make him a Gentleman?

Dra. Ay, my Lord, they make more in a Year than the Heralds-Office, or a *Welch* Genealogiſt; eſpecially your pretty Gentlemen are all made ſo---

Mor. But how will this ſerve me?

Dra. It will beat down her Pride, the grand Bulwork, that defends more Women than Virtue--- But follow me into the Cellar, and I'll tell you more--- I never ſpeak well without a Flask under my Arm; for as the Chaplain ſays; *The Dry are always Dull.*

Mor. (*Aſide*) No body's ſo fit to keep a Sot Company, as he that's deny'd *Villaretta*'s.

(*Exeunt*)

Enter Cæſario *and* Laura.

Scene changes to the Duke's Houſe.

Caſ. Prithee Wench lay by thy Fears.

Laur. Alas! Madam, it grieves me to think that my Lady muſt be a Servant, that may be ſo waited on! To be a Page, and wear Breeches too!

(*weeps*)

Caſ. You talk like a Woman, *Laura*, I muſt make you wear Breeches too, to be leſs fearful.

Laur. Oh! dear Madam, ha! ha! your Ladyſhip makes me laugh.

Caſ. This Servitude is Freedom, for it brings me to the Man I love--- The little Spot that holds him, *Laura*, is all the Liberty I ask; the World without it is a Priſon.

Laur. Nay, Love is a parlous Thing, I know Madam--- I was troubled with it once, and remember well I cou'd not ſleep a Nights! but it went off in a Week, for I found he had not Money enough.

Caſ. Ha! ha! poor *Laura!* then you'd ha' broke your Heart for him, if he had had Money enough?

Laur.

Laur. 'Twou'd ha' been bad with me I believe; but when a Sweetheart is poor, Madam, 'tis as hard to Love, as to be Charitable.

Cæſ. Ha! ha! ha! This Wench will kill me with her extreme Stupidity! ha! ha!

Laur. Lord, Madam! you look ſo like your Brother when you laugh, and in theſe Cloaths too, that, I vow, I can't tell but you are my Maſter *Sebaſtian*, all this while.

Cæſ. 'Twou'd puzzel one of better Senſe than thee, *Laura*, to diſtinguiſh it--- for beſides our likeneſs, I have dreſt my ſelf as he uſe to do; but to put you out of doubt, behold the only apparent difference between us, this Mole!

(bares her Arm)

Laur. O my dear Lady *Viola!* 'tis you, I know it now--- The Duke, Madam, took me with him, to wait upon his Siſter, and I have liv'd here ever ſince--- I little thought to ſee your Ladyſhip my Fellow-ſervant---!

(weeps)

Cæſ. I'm greater now, than when I was thy Miſtreſs.

Laur. I hope my Lord is kind to you, for he charges us all to be ſo--- But, dear Madam, how could you venture to do this? I'm in a Maze yet!

Cæſ. I'll tell thee all, becauſe thou ſhould'ſt not trouble me with more Queſtions, and becauſe I love to ſpeak of him.

Laur. (Aſide) That's the trueſt Reaſon, I know by my ſelf.

Cæſ. I ſaw him firſt in *France*, and lov'd him; theſe two Years I have lov'd him; unable longer to endure the torture of my Wiſhes, I left my Brother, and

my Houſe, and 6 Days ſince, without a Servant, landed here in *Venice*——

Lau. Your Ladyſhip makes me weep again.

Caſ. I nam'd my ſelf *Caſario*, and form'd a Letter, as from one his Highneſs knew in *Paris*, to recommend me for his Page--- Upon it, *Laura*, he receiv'd me; lik'd my Perſon; calls me pretty Youth; makes me ſing to him, and ſometimes kiſſes me.

Lau. Then you are happy, Madam.

Caſ. If it were meant me as a Woman; but he kills me while he makes me happy, for in the midſt of all, he ſighs, and talks to me of a Lady that he loves.

Lau. Nay, then all's marr'd again.

Caſ. But ſhe is cruel to him, and hates him.

Lau. That's good again, Madam. Have you ſeen this Lady?

Caſ. No, but he has told me who ſhe is, and deſigns to ſend me with a Meſſage to her.

Lau. Its like to be done well, if you carry it--- But how can you do any thing for your ſelf, Madam? 'Twill be impoſſible for him to ſee a Woman, as they ſay, thro' a Pair of Breeches.

Caſ. No more than thro' a Nun's Habit--- When I find a proper time for my purpoſe, a little thing will ſhew him what I am.

Lau. I ſhall die with Joy if it ſo happens! Your Ladyſhip will be happy indeed; for his Highneſs is a ſort of King here.

Caſ. Is that to be happy indeed, *Laura*?

Lau. O! dear Madam, without queſtion: I admire a King ſo much, that I cou'd marry one, that had only a Twelfth-Cake for his Dominions.

Caſ. Ha! ha! a ſmall Country! but in *Italy* you may find fifty ſuch Princes--- Ha! ha! prithee, *Laura*, how would'ſt thou govern thy little Nation?

Lau.

Lau. As Princes (in thoſe Parts) generally do, Madam; devour as much as I cou'd of it.

Caſ. You are the firſt Monarch that ever was ſo free.

Lau. Pardon me, Madam, I forgot I was talking to your Ladyſhip.

Caſ. Nay, then 'tis plain you'd make a good Governour, for thou ſeeſt nothing but what thou look'ſt upon, poor *Laura!* --- Hold, I'm call'd, now we muſt be private Perſons again.

(*within*, Cæſario, Cæſario.)

Enter Footman.

Foot. O! here he is--- Sir, the Duke is come home very much out of Humour, and wants you immediately.

Caſ. Doeſt know the Cauſe of his Diſorder?

Foot. No Sir; he came from the Lady *Villaretta*'s, and ſeems to be very ſick.

(*Exit Foot.*)

Caſ. Hum! --- I come.

He muſt be ſicker yet, e'er I am well,
And feel the laſt Convulſions of Deſpair---
But Love muſt work this wonder in his Breaſt,
And Baniſh quite that happy Woman thence:
Shew me the ſoft Avenues to his Heart;
His Soul unruffl'd, every Thought at eaſe:
A lucky Hour may all my Toils repair,
When I may talk of Love, and he may hear!

Exeunt.

End of the firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE *opens, and discovers* Moreno *on a Couch, and* Cæsario *kneeling by*---

Cæsario sings.

I.

IF I hear Orinda *Swear,*
She cures my jealous Smart;
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly fires my Heart.

II.

Beauty's Strength and Treasure,
In Falshood still remain;
She gives the greatest Pleasure,
That gives the greatest Pain.

(*Soft Musick, after which,* Moreno *rises.*)

Mor. "If Musick be the Food of Love, play on!
"Give me excess of it, that surfeiting
"The Appetite, may sicken, and so die.
But oh! in vain, the pleasing Sounds once o'er
Are lost for ever---! no Memory recalls
The Pleasure past, but that which wounds us lives!
How true a Wretch is Man?
The mute Creation Nature has supply'd,
With Arts and Arms for their Defence and Safety;
The Deer has Horns, and Subtlety the Fox,

The

The Porcupine ſtill bears upon his Back
A Grove of Arrows to diſtreſs his Foe;
But the unhappy Lord of all is made,
With Darts turn'd inward on himſelf,
His own Deſtroyer.....
His Paſſions and his Faculties are given,
To war with his own Quiet--- Oh Diſtraction!
Let me embrace thee.....
For only they are happy who are Mad!
(Throws himſelf on the Couch)

Cæſ. (Aſide) Alas! I pity his Diſtreſs,
Tho' I'm overjoy'd at the occaſion-- My Lord try to ſleep.

Mor. Poor *Cæſario!* thou art too young for Cares,
Or thou hadſt known, they follow us in Sleep.
Phyſicians poyſon in their Sleep,
Lawyers undoe in their Sleep,
Courtiers get new Grants in their Sleep---
Nothing in Nature's quite at reſt,
But the ſlick Prelate---

Cæſ. Right! my Lord, and the other Sex have their Fancies too--- Old Women Back-bite and Pray in their Sleep; Young-ones Sigh and Dance in their Sleep; and Maids of thirty ſet up for Virtue, and Dreſs in their Sleep.

Mor. Pretty Boy! Thy Manners are ſo ſoft, thy Senſe ſo quick at every turn; thou ſhould'ſt be older than thou ſeem'ſt to be--- Haſt ever been in Love?

Cæſ. A little my Lord---

Mor. 'Tis that has form'd thy Mind,
For Love, the kind refiner of the Soul,
Softens harſh Nature's Work, and tempers Man:
Without it, all are Salvages---
What ſort of Woman?

Cæſ. One very like your Lordſhip.

Mor. By ſo much the leſs meriting-- Did ſhe love you?

Cæſ. She kiſt me often, and told me ſo, but did not love me.

Mor.

Mor. Truſt 'em no more, they're all---

Cæſ. O! hold, my Lord, ſome are Juſt, and Love as well as we. " My Father had a Daughter lov'd a Man,
" As it might be, perhaps, were I a Woman,
" I ſhou'd your Highneſs.

Mor. And what's her Story?

Cæſ. " A Blank, my Lord--- She never told her Love,
" But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
" Feed on her Damask Cheek---
——————She languiſh'd long,
Courting the Shade, the Night ſtill found her weeping,
Nor cou'd the Sun e'er dry her Tears away,
'Till pining with diſtreſsful Melancholy
" She ſate like Patience on a Monument, ſmiling at Grief.
Reduced to theſe extreams, at laſt I--- *(She bluſhes)*

Mor. How's that, *Cæſario?*

Cæſ. I don't--- you forget, my Lord, to ſend me to the Lady. *(ſhewing a Letter)*

Mor. Right! my dear Boy, go bear it to her now,
And plead thy ſelf the Cauſe of Love and Me;
Thou haſt a ſoft inſinuating Way,
May ſooth her Anger, and delude her Scorn.
But if her People ſhou'd deny thee entrance--

Cæſ. I warrant ye, my Lord, I get admittance;
I'll Storm the Houſe, and Beat the Servants; my Youth, and your Indulgence will protect me.

Mor. Nay; Women, Children, and Prieſts, they ſay, can affront no body, ſo thou art ſafe.

Cæſ. O! very ſafe, my Lord, doubly ſafe.

Mor. Dear *Cæſario*, take this and proſper, *(kiſſes her)*
Urge my Paſſion to her, and my Faith.

Cæſ. As zealouſly, as if your Favour depended on the Succeſs; and if Fortune is but kind ——

Mor. Invoke thy own good Stars, for I have none.

Cæſ. Moſt faithfully, my Lord, and hope this Affair will be govern'd by 'em. *(Exeunt ſeverally)*

Scene

Scene changes to Villaretta's

Enter Villaretta, Emilia, *and* Dromia, *(taking her leave)*

Dro. Nay, pray Ladies! Not a Step for me—— I'm gone in a moment. *(turns and returns)*

Vill. We will ſee you to the Stairs, Madam.

Dro. I beſeech your Ladyſhip-- Nay good Lady *Emilia.*

Em. Pray Madam——

Dro. You make me rude-- Your Servant-- Oh! dear-- pray--- My Service to Segnior *Drances.* *(Exit Dro.)*

Vill. Ha! ha! this old Woman is the very Pink of Breeding, by her exceſs of Civility, ſhe ſhou'd ha' been bred a Manteau-maker.

Em. She thinks it the Character of Age to be Auſtere, and therefore hurries her poor Bones about, tho' they rattle as much as if they were already made into Dice.

Vill. My Service to Segnior Drances! Ha! ha! I always told you, that this old Fool had ſtill a ſmatch of ſabouther.

Em. And will carry't to her Grave, except our merry Kinſman reels into her Arms.

Vill. His Liquor 'll defend him, for drunken Men, they ſay, come by no harm.

Em. It may be a good—— ſhe'll cure his Intemperance, my Life for't.

Vill. She may be miſtaken in her Remedy---! I have known People of her Age, marry with hopes of working ſtrange Cures upon their Husbands.

Em. And how did they ſucceed?

Vill. As other Phyſitians, they grew their greateſt Diſeaſe.

Em. Which wou'd laſt all their Lives too perhaps---- Well! methinks Marriage ſhou'd end juſt when People began to hate one another.

Vill. At that rate you'd have few laſt longer than a monthly Roſe.

Em. If it ſmells ſweet for the time, its well enough-- I'd fain have the Men make one Law that we like.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Madam, a young Gentleman at the Gate desires to speak with you—— He is very importunate, tho' we told him you wou'd not be seen.

Vill. What sort of Person?

Foot. A very handsome Youth. [*Enter 2d Footman.*]

2d Foot. There's a Gentleman at the Gate, Madam, that swears he must speak with you, and will speak with you——— I told him, you were sick; he says he is a Doctor, and came to cure you; I said you were asleep, he knows that too, and comes to wake you: I don't know what to say to him, he's prepar'd against all Denials.

Vill. Hum! Tell him he shan't speak with me.

2d Foot. I have, Madam, but he says he'll bring his Bed to the Door, and Live there till he does.

Vill. A merry Fellow!

1st Foot. He'll speak with your Ladyship in spite of your Teeth.

Vill. I'll disappoint him—— Bid him come in.

1st Foot. Come in, Madam?

Vill. Yes, Impertinent. (*Exeunt Footmen.*) Some Message from his Highness!

Em. Taken his Bed, and desires to see you before he dies! For after such a Repulse, he can't in Gallantry live above two Hours.

Vill. Ha! ha! ha! There is nothing so ill-laid, as a Lover's-Plot—— no body's surpriz'd in it, but those that wou'd be taken--- Ha! ha! Well! *Emilia*, the happyest Woman in the World, is she that's a little Handsome; no Fool; and that never loves. [*Enter* Cæsario.] Ha! a handsome Youth.

Cæs. My Business is with the Lady of the House.

Vill. Then you may tell it me, Sir.

Cæs. (*Aside.*) I'm lost! She's beautiful indeed---! I shan't be able to speak to her---

Em. (*to* Vill.) A pretty blushing Boy!

Cæs.

Cæſ. (*Aſide*) But Woman aſſiſt me--- I'll belie my Heart, and look pleas'd.

Vill. A very ſilent Embaſſy! Sir, my Servants told me you had a Tongue.

Cæſ. O! Madam, and a Heart, and Hands, and Legs, and all at your Ladyſhip's Service.

Vill. Then, Sir, pray employ the moſt impertinent of 'em, and tell me your Buſineſs.

Cæſ. Never apprehend my Tongue, Madam, 'tis as glib as a Woman's, and when once well in, will never lie ſtill--- ſo take a Husband's care not to ſet it a going.

Vill. (*to* Em.) I don't know what's the matter, but I can't be angry with this ſaucy Boy--- Then, Sir, I muſt not know the Buſineſs

Cæſ. Yes, Lady, you muſt know, but only you muſt know it-- I muſt have you by your ſelf, without a Witneſs.

Em. I go---

Vill. Hold--- Why, Sir, is it Treaſon?

Cæſ. You prophane it with the compariſon. Treaſon's a Proſtitute, the Chat of every Table; but this, Madam, is ſecret as Maiden-wiſhes, I ſcarce can truſt it with my ſelf.

Vill. Emilia, I beg you to retire a little then, and let this impertinent Boy have his way. (*Exit* Em.)

Cæſ. Moſt bountiful Lady! were you as indulgent to Merit, as you are to Curioſity, this trouble had not been.

Vill. Well, Sir, the Buſineſs in as few Words as you can.

Cæſ. Nay, Madam, I muſt uſe more Words than I wou'd to tell it you.

Vill. Riddles---!

Cæſ. I come from a Lover to you.

Vill. Thou art as impertinent, as if thou wert one thy ſelf.

Cæſ. But this Letter muſt ſpeak firſt.

Vill. (*opens it*) Here, Sir, the laſt Word is all I value in't, and not value in it, ſo take it agen--- You, I ſuppoſe then, are his Page?

Cæſ. Yes, Madam, and ſo have a Charter to be impudent.

Vill. (*Aside*) 'Tis impossible to be out of humour with this Youth--- What does the Boy look at?

Cæs. To see if all be Nature that I see.

Vill. All in grain, I assure you Sir.

Cæs. "And will you lead these Graces to the Grave, "and leave the World no Copy?

Vill. By no means, Sir, I'll have 'em inventori'd out, when I die, and added as a Label to my Will, that every one may know what I was possest of.

Cæs. Some know it too well already.

Vill. Prithee, who are they?

Cæs. Why your Ladyship, and my Lord.

Vill. You put those together, that shall never come together.

Cæs. Nay, Madam, I wou'd not put you together, Heaven knows! And yet I must tell you, that he loves you to that degree---

Vill. (*Aside*) I love to hear him talk, tho' one I hate is the Subject--- To what degree, Sir?

Cæs. Why he talks of nothing but *Villaretta*, Dreams of nothing but *Villaretta*--- He Swears, and Smiles, Frets, and Dances like a *French*-man, in a Fit of the Spleen--- Then he thinks all the World Fools for being unconcern'd, but they, in return, think as oddly of him--- there's all the World to one, Madam!

Vill. Do you laugh at your Master?

Cæs. No, Madam, I only laugh at a Mad-man, that raves of *Villaretta*-- My Master must not be one that loves you--- When he sighs for you, I'm discharg'd, but when he rails at you, I'm his humblest Servant.

Vill. Why you and I are of a Mind! I shou'd bear him too, if he hated me, for I do him most constantly.

Cæs. I wou'd not trust you--- A Woman's Resolution is no more to be depended on, than a Man's Oath.

Vill. (*Aside*) I'm extremely pleas'd with this Youth--! Harky'e, Sir, what Country are you? What Parentage?

Cæs. "Above my Fortunes, yet my State is well;
"I am a Gentleman, my Name *Cæsario*——

But

But my Maſter, Lady, is the Theme; you ſhou'd enquire how he reſted... How he looks... And drop a little Pity on his Wounds... This, were I the Duke of *Venice*, I ſhou'd expect.

Vill. You might.... *(Aſide)* What am I doing...! But tell your Maſter, I deteſt his Paſſion; ſo let him trouble me no more, except, Sir, you'll call again, to tell me how he takes it... In the mean time, for your trouble, pray accept of this... *(offers a Purſe, &c.)*

Caſ. "*(putting away her Hand)* I am no fee'd Poſt, Madam, you miſplace your Bounty—— "My Maſter, "not my ſelf, wants recompence. *(Exit.)*

Vill. Triumphant Honeſty! What is this Youth? Above my Fortunes, yet my State is well; I am a Gentleman—— For that, fair Youth, thou need'ſt no Herauld— That Tongue! That Face! That Spirit above Gain! cou'd not be born of vulgar Parents——! Tho' he has left me, yet he is not gone. I feel him in my Breaſt diſpenſing Laws, And all within me pleas'd with his Commands. But hold... He does not know it— Something I muſt do, or I may loſe him... But *Villaretta*'s Youth and Fortune need not fear a diſappointment... Yet to be ſure.... here!

Enter Servant.

Run after that ſame ſaucy Youth, the Duke's Page.... He calls himſelf *Cæſario*... He threw this Ring at my Feet, as he went out, and left it, whether I would or not; pray give it him again, and tell him, I ſhall be very angry if he plays theſe Tricks with me... He may, perhaps, have the Confidence to deny it; but be ſure you leave it; and if he has any thing to ſay for himſelf, to excuſe what he has done, you may bid him call to Morrow.

Serv. I will, Madam. *(Exit Servant)*

Vill. I do I do'nt know what, and am aſham'd, but Love muſt hide the bluſhes that he makes. *(Exit)*

Scene

Scene changes to the Ryalto.

Enter Rodoregue, Sebaſtian, *and* Pedro.

Rod. Dear *Sebaſtian*, (tho' unknown to me before this Voyage, yet ſince our common Calamity has made us one, let me call you ſo) add not to the Miſeries the Sea has caus'd, by being ſad.

Seb. Captain, your Friendſhip wou'd make me forget any Loſs--- But a Siſters!

Rod. Since that may poſſibly not be,
Diffide not in the Powers that guard her Life.

Seb. What hope can there remain? I follow'd her flight ſo cloſe, that in a few Hours we came up with the Veſſel, in which, I was aſſur'd, ſhe went; but before we had hail'd 'em, a Storm aroſe, that ſeparated us; I ſaw that Veſſel ſink, and the Plank on which you found me, was all that was left of ours.

Rod. And why might not ſome kind Plank remain for her? Suſpend your Sorrow for a while; and ſince ſhe was bound for *Venice*.....
Tho' I'm proclaim'd a Traytor to the State,
Yet I have Friends here that I can command;
They ſhall imploy all *Venice* in the Search,
And ſerve our preſent Wants, *Sebaſtian*.

Pedro, (*Aſide*) I'm glad to hear there may be Eating towards----

Seb. Rodoregue! You oppreſs me with your Generoſity.
You left your ſtated Courſe to ſuccour me;
And tho' your Ship by my ill Stars was loſt,
Yet here you follow to another Shipwrack,
More dreadful than the laſt.

Rod. Think not of that, my Friend,
I fear no harm, while I can ſerve *Sebaſtian*;
Theſe Weeds, and your good Genius, will protect me.

Ped. Sir, Sir, there's a Lady that takes particular notice of you. [*Enter* Villaretta, *and paſſes over the Stage*]

Rod. I know her, ſhe's a Widow, the greateſt Fortune in *Venice*.

Ped.

Ped. *(Aside)* Good! This may be a lucky Adventure--

Seb. She miſtakes me for another.

Ped. Ah! Sir, that's Grief makes you think ſo-- But a Woman never looks kindly upon a Man by miſtake, Sir, if ſhe had lookt upon me ſo, it ſhou'd ha' been no miſtake.

Seb. Cou'd not all that ſalt Water cure your Impertinence, Raſcal!

Rod. Let him alone, honeſt *Pedro*--- If you'll take a turn in theſe Walks, I'll try the temper of my Friends---- In the mean time, leſt you ſhould have occaſion for Money, take this Purſe, and uſe it as your own; 'tis all I ſav'd from the mercileſs Storm.

Seb. This *Rodoregue*---

Rod. No Words, *Sebaſtian*, with a Man ſo proud to ſerve you; Fortune has made amends for her ill Nature, ſince by it ſhe has given me an opportunity of knowing you. *(Exit* Rodoregue*)*

Seb. This Generous Fellow confounds me more than my ill Fortune--- *(looking on the Purſe)*

Ped. Talk not of ill Fortune, Sir, with ſuch a Mark of her Favour-- I cou'd no more grieve, than be ſober, with all that about me-- I wiſh he had told you too, Sir, where that rich Widow lives, for I long to be ſerving your Honour by Land.

Seb. Pray, Sir, let me have no more of your Familiarities-- Wait here till I return, Hang-Dog! *(Exit* Seb.*)*

Ped. Very pretty--! When we were ſinking, it was, Good *Pedro!* Dear *Pedro!* Segnior *Pedro!* Is there any Hopes--? He knew Death made all People alike, and thought fit to be acquainted with me, when he found we were near it-- If I cou'd but hang my ſelf now, I ſhou'd be as great as *Alexander*-- But I don't love Preferment at that rate neither-- What is there in this *Sebaſtian* more than in me? He can afford to be Idle, Game, and Wench more than I-- But I love it as well-- I was certainly got by a great Man, for I han't one of your Tradeſmanly Virtues, of Cheating, Lying, and good Husbandry-- So I'll

e'en

e'en get rid of this whimſical Maſter of mine, and puſh my Fortune. *(Exit Strutting.)*

Enter Cæſario, *follow'd by* Villaretta's *Footman at a diſtance.*

Foot. Here he is--! Now what Trick will he have to get off--? Sir, Sir.

Cæſ. What's your buſineſs, Friend?

Foot. My buſineſs, Sir, is with your Worſhip's little Finger.

Cæſ. What does the Fellow mean?

Foot. (Aſide) Ha! ha! right! He knows nothing of the matter-- Why, Sir, I have brought an old Acquaintance of it here, that's all, that you left with my Lady *Vil.*

Cæſ. A Ring--! *(Aſide)* What can this mean--! I left no Ring, Friend, and none will I receive.

Foot. Ha! ha! ha! Right again-- *(Aſide)* My Lady ſaid, Sir, that you wou'd have the Modeſty to diſown it, ha! ha--! But to adviſe you as a Friend, Sir, you muſt lay your Baits better, or you'ill catch no Fiſh in our Ponds-- There, Sir, take it; ſo you threw it, and ſo it is return'd-- (*going, and returns*) I forgot one thing, Sir, ſhe ſays, if you can excuſe your doings, you may call to morrow, but your Ring-plots won't take, Sir, ha! ha! ha! (*Aſide*) Left no Ring-- A Rogue! (*Exit*)

Cæſ. (*takes up the Ring*) Ha! A rich Brillon! What's her Deſign--? Now I reflect, ſhe view'd me with uncommon Curioſity: Pray Heaven, my Out-ſide has not charm'd her--! It muſt be ſo-- How eaſily a Woman is deceiv'd, when the Deluder's Man--! Poor Lady! You had better take the Lord you hate into your Arms, than me-- You'll loſe your Lover when you find him, and like the reſt of the World, when you have got your Happineſs, be fartheſt from it.

On this alone depends moſt Human Bliſs,
When kindly Heaven forbids us what we Wiſh.

End of the ſecond ACT.

ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Emilia, Dromia, *and* Drances.

Dra. HEre! Here! Fix your ſelves behind the Arras, and ſummon all the Malice of your Sex to keep you from laughing.

Em. O! Fear us not, we're too well pleas'd with your Plot, to interrupt it.

Dro. I'm charm'd with it! Why you'll reconcile us to your Liquor, if theſe are the effects on't.

Dra. That wou'd be too condeſcending, Madam, for Claret is infinitely ſmaller than Tea.

Em. Nay, now you're rude Couſen.

Dro. I can forgive Segnior *Drances* greater Crimes.

Dra. Oh! Madam---! But your Ladyſhip is ſo charming, and withal ſo good; that I take an infinite delight to exerciſe your Mercy.

Dro. And they that cou'd withold it from you, muſt not have a Breaſt like mine.

Em. (*Aſide*) A loving old Woman, is worſe than a hopeful old Man. Ha! ha! to languiſh at Sixty! I'd as ſoon pray at Sixteen.....

Dro. But is it poſſible you cou'd perſwade him to think ſhe has a Paſſion for his Perſon?

Dra. Retire but a moment, Madam, and you'll ſee, for I hear him coming.

Em. If he ſhou'd come to loſe his Place for his Love, this Buſineſs wou'd end too cruelly.

Dra. I have a Salvo for that, Coz. It ſhall be nothing but Mirth--- So along.

Dro. Nothing but Mirth, I'll engage. (*they go behind the Scenes*) [*Enter* Taquilet.]

Dra. Taquilet!

Taq. Dear Segnior *Drances!* I'm ſo overjoy'd at the greatneſs of my good Fortune, that I have quite forgot the unlikelyhood of its being true.

Dra. There is none, *Taquilet*-- Women have had their Freaks in all Ages, *Leda* fell in Love with a Swan; *Europa* with a Bull; and can a Lady be diſgrac'd with a Butler?

Taq. Not in the leaſt Segnior! And I'll give her the beſt of my Cellar, I warrant--- Nay, I have Noble Blood in my Veins too, for my Father had a Velvet-Pall at his Funeral.

Dra. She knows it, Man-- Beſides, did not my Lady *Brawn* marry her Coach-man, and the divorc'd Lady *Spare-none*, an Attorney's-Clerk?

Taq. Ha! ha! Right! Little Segnior, my merry Couſen, that muſt be -- I'm reſolv'd when I am marry'd, to do ſomething for you.

Dra. Dear--- *(Aſide)* Raſcal.

Taq. But I'm afraid you have too much Wit to make a great Man-- Yet I'll prefer you, and make you my Secretary the firſt Daſh, for I can't write my ſelf.

Dra. Oh! A Man of your Quality will be above it.

Taq. That muſt be true, for the very Expectation of Greatneſs, has ſpoil'd me for Buſineſs, and now if I an't a Gentleman, I ſhall be fit for nothing-- But, dear Segnior! Couſen, I mean, how muſt I behave my ſelf before the Prieſt?

Dra. Puh! That will happen as it does at other Weddings; you'll look as if you were taking Orders, and ſhe'll look as if ſhe was taking Phyſick.

Taq. So all our Lives after will be Preaching and Spewing?

Dra. Ha! ha! Why you have been marry'd already, *Taquilet?*

Taq. Never, by the Maſs! But I love to know.

Dra. There is but one Rule after-- And that is, when your Wife has the Spleen, ſhe has been diſappointed abroad; but when ſhe ſtrokes your Cheeks, and is very loving, you're a Monſter, dear *Taquilet!*

Taq.

Taq. Why then a Man may tell to half an Hour when he's a Cuckold, by the increaſe of his Wives good Nature to him?

Dra. Right, *Taquilet!* And 'tis a Diſcovery you ſhou'd pray for-- For your honeſt Woman is Proud! Inſolent! Sickly! and full of Noiſe, to balance that one good Quality of being Chaſt! But your other is Civil, good Natur'd, Quiet, and without Doctors, to make amends for one ill Quality that you never ſee. *(a Knocking without)*

Taq. Ha! Who's that?

Dra. If it ſhou'd be ſome Rival? [*Enter* Cæſario]

Taq. A Rogue in Red! There muſt be miſchief--- A handſome Dog too!

Cæſ. I muſt ſpeak with the Lady of the Houſe.

Dra. What's your buſineſs, Friend?

Cæſ. Sir, my buſineſs no body muſt know but her ſelf, and her I muſt ſpeak with.

Dra. Sure you're ſome *Italian* Prince in Diſguiſe, or *Engliſh* Eſquire, you ſtrut ſo?

Taq. *(Aſide)* I muſt ſend this Fellow a going--- Sir, you can't do your buſineſs then, for my Lady is buſy! Has taken Phyſick! And is faſt aſleep! And I'll tell you preſently whether ſhe is not gone out. *(Exit, and returns)*

Cæſ. *(Aſide)* A very whimſical Family---!

Taq. Sir, my Lady ſays, ſhe can't be ſpoke with, and is not at home.

Cæſ. Ha! ha! Then, Sir, I'll juſt tell her Ladyſhip, that I'm ſorry I cou'd not meet with her, and go.

Dra. Hold, Sir, not without our leave.

Taq. *(getting behind* Drances) No, Sir, not without our leave, as Segnior *Drances* ſays.

Cæſ. Here ſhe comes! Now Gentlemen without your leave. [*Enter* Villaretta]

Vill. How's this! Who taught you this Inſolence! *(to* Taq.) --- Sir, I'll ask Pardon for my Kinſman's Folly, in the other Room. (*Exeunt* Vil. *and* Cæſ.)

Taq. Segnior--! If my Lady was ſo in love with me, as you ſay, ſhe's ſtrangely alter'd!

Dra. Puh! All Women change, and at all times; ſo 'tis but to knock that young Fellow o'th' Head, and ſhe'll come about agen, Man.

Taq. If it be ſo, Segnior, I have a Toledo in my Trunk ſhall do his buſineſs; for I'm a *Spaniard* by Nature, and can't live without a Sword and a Snuff-box.

Dra. Then you may uſe both, that is, blind him firſt, and fight him after.

Taq. Right, Segnior, there's nothing like Stratagem in War--So march on to the Enemy. (*Exeunt*)

[*Re-enter* Cæſario, *and* Villaretta, (*a Couch*)]

Caſ. Madam, my only buſineſs now is, to reſtore this Ring, an idle Servant threw it me; and thus I give it back. (*offers it ſcornfully*)

Vill. (*takes it haſtily*) He that refuſes it, deſerves it not!

Caſ. Nay, Lady, all merit I wou'd want before you: I came to plead my Maſter's, not my own.

Vill. (*Aſide*) Scorn'd by a Boy!
I wou'd reſume my ſelf, and ſtifle this fond Flame;
But Love forbids.
The little Tyrant baffles all our Reaſon;
And none can feel the Smart, and hide the Wound!
With a myſterious Cruelty he reigns,
That covers ſtill the Innocent with ſhame;
The injur'd wear the Tokens of the Guilty,
And falſely here, the Murder'd bluſhes,
Not the Murderer---!
Yet who can look on him, and blame me?

Caſ. Lady, I find this Ring amuſes you, wore it any Charm that my returning has deſtroy'd?

Vill. Perhaps it did--And a Charm!
Againſt which the Baſe alone cou'd be ſecure.

Caſ.

Caſ. Then I thank my Baſeneſs! I am not the firſt that have been made happy by Vices--- But, dear myſterious Lady, tell me what you mean?

Vill. Look on my Face, and you may read my Breaſt.

Caſ. (*kneeling*) Ah! Madam, if I have any intereſt there--

Vill. Ha! You have! Speak on---!

Caſ. I bring a Heart big with tenderneſs for you, that lives upon your Looks, and knows no Joy but in beholding you!

Vill. (*takes her by the Hand, and kneels too*) O! charm me on, Fair Youth--! Thy Words than *Hybla* drops more ſweet. Infuſe new Life into my Soul-- Where! O!- Where! has all this cruel Kindneſs lain?

Caſ. In Lord *Moreno*'s Boſom.

Vill. (*riſing quick*) Traytor! What ſay'ſt thou? (*Aſide*) Under how ſoft Diſguiſe will Villany lie hid? I'm diſtracted! I cou'd kill him! A Slave! A Monſter--! A Man---! (*in a low Voice*)

Caſ. I beg for him-- What if obtain'd kills me.....

Vill. Ha! What ſay'ſt thou, Youth? (*ſoothingly*)

Caſ. Too much, if you have heard any thing.

Vill. Fear not to ſpeak, you ſpeak before your Friend.

Caſ. I ſhall betray the Cauſe I come to plead--- I dare not ſpeak.

Vill. Forgive me Sir, I miſinterpreted your Carriage.-- Then it is only fear of his Succeſs diſtracts you?

Caſ. Nothing elſe, I aſſure you.

Vill. (*takes her Hand*) I'm happy yet--!
That Jealouſy is kind as it is groundleſs.
O! Let me here unfold my Boſom to you,
Shew you the Secret of my Soul, my pleaſing Cares----
And tendereſt Wiſhes---!
Deſpiſe not, gentle Youth, a Victory
That coſt ſo little-- to you of all Mankind,
An eaſy Victory--!

Caſ.--

Caſ. (*Aſide*) Poor Lady--!

Vill. Hide a Woman's Bluſhes--- Turn not from me, nor upbraid me with your Eyes---

Caſ. (*Aſide*) I pity her, yet dare not help her.

Vill. Here! Look on this, it is my Picture-- That does not bluſh, but may grow pale, if you ſhou'd uſe it as you did the Ring.

Caſ. I will not, Madam, for I'll not receive it, nor muſt I hear you more. (*Exit running*)

Vill. Ha! Inhuman! You ſurely ſuck'd a Tygreſs,
And with the Milk, its cruel Nature drew!
---- I cannot curſe him--- Fare thee well!
Such Charms, the coldeſt Boſom wou'd betray:
A Fiend like thee, might bear my Soul away!
(*lies down on the Couch*)

Em. Ha! ha! ha! *Villaretta!* (*Enter* Emilia)

Vill. Who's that?

Em. The happieſt Woman in the World, is ſhe that is a little handſome, no Fool, and that never loves, ha! ha! ha!

Vill. Don't triumph, good *Emilia.*

Em. You'll own then, that a Woman's Reſolution to avoid Men, laſts no longer than ſhe can meet with one that ſhe likes.

Vill. Any thing! I'll own her Piety, her Vertue, laſts no longer, if you'll ſpare me now.

Em. You need not fear Quarter from a Heart of Seventeen.
Like you, the Pains of mighty Love I've known,
And learn to pity Woes ſo like my own.

Vill. Generous *Emilia!* You ſee Love laughs at all our good Purpoſes, and will be obey'd in ſpite of Pennances and Cloyſters.

Em. Ay! We can't Diet it away! 'Tis a Fever of the Mind, that all the Water-gruel in the World won't prevent - But how deep is your Wound?

Vill. Mortal! Except he that gave it me will ſearch it.

Em. So much Beauty, and ſo much Gold too, *Villaretta* may deſpair of nothing amongſt Men.

Vill.

Vill. 'Twill make 'em do any thing but that indeed in all Countries; you may bribe a *Dutch*-man to fight, a *Spaniard* to forge, and an *Engliſh*-man to betray his Country; but for Love, *Emilia*, there is no Bribe, and the Affections are always honeſt.

Em. You may bribe 'em to flatter you, and that's better.

Vill. How! Than to love in earneſt! Sigh for you indeed! And value none but you?

Em. Infinitely! For when a Fellow loves in earneſt, he does a thouſand ſottiſh things, out of his impertinent Care of you; whereas, Flattery has all the good Breeding of Love, without the Folly, then you may part too without the Tears and Convulſions of your true Lovers.

Vill. Puh! Every thing is in the power of a gay Humour-- But Satyr, *Emilia*, is the Vice of Wit, as Bullying is of Courage; the Love it abuſes, wou'd teach it to be Gentle! Good-natured! Kind! Sincere--! That only Cordial-drop that ſweetens Life, and gives us Joys which are ally'd to Heaven.

For all we know of what they do above,
Is that they Sing, and that they Love.

Em. Ha! ha! ha! To be told that *Villaretta* talk'd thus! I ſhou'd as ſoon ſuſpect a Prieſt wou'd Preach againſt Pluralities, a Phyſitian againſt Atheiſm, or a Woman hate Detraction--! You that uſe to laugh at all Lovers, to become one!

(*Sings*)

Cloe *met Love for his* Pſiche *in Fears,*
She play'd with his Dart, and ſmil'd at his Tears,
Till feeling at length the Poyſon it keeps;
Cupid *he ſmiles! and* Cloe *ſhe weeps!*

Vill. This is ſome amends for your ill Nature-- Well! There is nothing ſo right, and ſince you know my Grief, you muſt aſſiſt me in the Remedy.

Em.

Em. The propereſt Perſon in the World to adviſe with for your true Phyſitian, ſhou'd always have felt the Diſeaſes he's to cure.

Vill. That wou'd make 'em fit for nothing, but to give Phyſick which might not be ſo proper. *Exeunt.*

Enter Drances, *and* Taquilet.

Dra. I told you, Courage, as well as Truth, lay in the ſecond Bottle; and there's no other way but the Duello, *Taquilet*-- What loſe your Miſtreſs for a prick in the Guts!

Taq. Not I, Segnior, if you'll ſtand by me.

Dra. As faithfully as if thou wert a Hogſhead of Claret—— I'll never ſtir while there's a drop of Red within thee——. Here he comes. [*Enter* Cæſ.]

Cæſ. They talk of fighting, I'm afraid to go by 'em.

Taq. (*Aſide*) That damn'd Red-coat ſtartles me-- He looks ſo like Murder, that I can think of nothing but boil'd Hearts, and Throats cut from Ear to Ear.

Dra. What, a Qualm already?

Taq. Not in the leaſt, Segnior! I was only thinking if I ſhou'd kill this Raſcal, in the height of my Rage, 'twou'd grieve me to be hang'd for him--- This curſed Law is what I fear.

Dra. When you're marry'd, you'll be too rich for the Law, *Taquilet*--! Juſtice, and the foul Diſeaſe, hurts no body but the Poor--! Come, I'll give him the Lie by way of Challenge.

Taq. Hold, Segnior, don't be uncivil neither.

Dra. (*going up to* Cæſ.) Sir---

Cæſ. Have you any buſinſs with me, Sir,

Dra. I come to tell you, Sir, that if you value your Life, be upon your guard.

Cæſ. S-- S-- Sir!

Dra. Unkennel Bilboe out of hand-- For thy Adverſary gives no Quarter.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. You miſtake, Sir, no body has a Quarrel to me, for I have wrong'd no Man.

Dra. If you had, Sir, he'd ha' went to Law with you-- But he fights becauſe he does not know whether he's wrong'd or not.

Cæſ. Sir, I am no Fighter; and if this buſineſs goes on, muſt beg Protection of the Lady of the Houſe.

Dra. I'll ſee what he ſays. (*goes to* Taq.) Come, *Taquilet*, cock thy ſelf at him, and advance. Tho' he's a damn'd Dog at ſingle Rapier, and can hit 'ye within a Hairs bredth of the left Pap a thouſand times together.

Taq. The Devil he can! I feel his Sword already quite thro' my Midriff-- A Son of a Whore!

Dra. But I told him ſuch things of you, that have abated his Courage, and he deſires only that you'd favour him with one Parry, juſt to ſave his Honour.

Taq. Rot his Honour, and his Oath too: Z'bud, he'll mind it no more than one that takes it to ſave an Employment.

Dra. Never think it, a Soldier's Promiſe---

Taq. Is like his Religion, which is not to ſave himſelf, but to ruin others.

Dra. Why, he lives by his Honour.

Taq. As a Whore by her Love, that is, by pretending to love, for as ſoon as ſhe does it in earneſt, ſhe ſtarves.

Cæſ. (*Aſide*) I have over-heard 'em, and that Fellow is certainly as great a Coward as my ſelf. I have half a mind to try.

Dra. Frown a little, I ſay, and look dreadful. (*to* Taq.)

Cæſ. (*Aſide.*) I can but ask Pardon at laſt. (*draws*) Villain look to your Life---

Taq. (*runs over* Dra.) O Lord! The Devil! I'm kill'd--

Cæſ. Ha! ha! ha! I thought they wou'd not fight, there was ſo much Preparation.

Dra. (*getting up*) This Raſcals fear will infect me, (*draws*) Come then---

Cæſ. S--S-- Sir! (*trembling*)

Dra. Since my Friend is not in humour to divert you, Sir, I will--- Come on Sir.

Caſ. (*kneels*) O good Sir don't kill me, I can't fight!

Taq. How's that? (*draws*) A Raſcal, to draw upon me, and not fight-- Death! and Canon-bullets! Let me come at him-- (*Aſide*) If the Dog ſhou'd not be in earneſt, after all---

Caſ. (*riſing*) Sir, I'll beg your Pardon for any thing I have done, but pray don't kill me.

Taq. Coward! What could'ſt expect, after affronting a Man of my Courage, but to be run thro' the Body, and have thy Skin pull'd over thy Ears. [*Enter* Rodoregue]

Rod. My Friend oppreſt! (*draws*)

Taq. (*Aſide*) O Lord! I'm a dead Man yet. (*jumps back.*)

Rod. If this young Gentleman has offended you, I'll do you Juſtice for him.

Taq. (*Aſide*) My Heart's ſunk into my Heel.

Dra. You, Sir? Why who are you?

Rod. One, whoſe Friendſhip for him is more than Words, for I wou'd riſque my Life in any danger that might threaten his.

Caſ. This Obligation, Sir, is more ſurprizing, as it is unmerited, and gives me greater Pain for my Safety, than I had for my Diſtreſs - How ſhall I repay ſo infinite a Goodneſs.

Rod. You more than do.

Dra. Come on then, Sir, if you're ſo brisk.

Caſ. (*kneeling between*) O! Hold, for Heaven's ſake hold.
Rather on me, Sir, turn your Rage,
On me, the unhappy Cauſe of this Misfortune,
Than bring ſo generous a Life in hazzard. (*points to* Rod.)

Dra. Thou art as impertinent with thy fear as a Woman, and art the firſt Male-Coward that did not love other Peoples Fighting.

Enter ſome Officers of Juſtice, and ſeize Rod.

1 *Offi.* Segnior, *Rodoregue*, we Arreſt you in the Name of Duke *Moreno*, and the Senate, as a Traytor to the State of *Venice*.

Rod.

Rod. Ha——! Nay, then I am loſt.

2 *Offi.* Your Sword Sir?

Rod. Take it Slave-- But be not you concern'd *(to Cæſ.)* my Friend: I told you of this danger, and now there is no Remedy-- What grieves me moſt in this Calamity, is, that it will hinder me from ſerving you, and make me leſſen what I have done-- I bluſh to ask you for part of what I gave you——

1 *Offi.* Come, Sir, away.

Rod. Yet I muſt intreat of you ſome of that Money, it was all I had.

Cæſ. What Money, Sir?

"For the fair Kindneſs you have ſhewn me here
As well as prompted by your preſent Trouble,
"I'll make diviſion of my Coffer with you;
"My having is not much-- Here's half I'm Maſter of.
(offers ſome Silver)

Rod. Ha! Is it poſſible; can you then
For the vile Profit of a little Gold,
The Wages of a Slave; Reward of Villains-- *(pointing firſt to the Officers, then to* Drances*)*
Diſſolve the ſacred Ties of Honour;
And to your Intereſt ſacrifice your Friend.
You put me on a painful Task,
To upbraid you with my Services.

Cæſ. I know of none but what you now did for me;
"Nor know I you by Voice, or any Feature:
"I hate Ingratitude more than Lying,
More than Vanity hates concealment,
Or Shame the Light.

Rod. O! Heavens themſelves!

2 *Offi.* Sir, we can't ſtay.

Rod. But a moment.
This very Youth I reſcued from a Shipwrack;
"Reliev'd him with ſuch Sanctity of Love,
That tho' I'm made a Traytor to the State;

Yet to favour his Deſigns, I ventur'd
To land him here in *Venice*.

Caſ. (*Aſide*) He ſpeaks as if he believ'd what he ſaid.

1 *Offi.* Sir, this is not our buſineſs, we'll ſtay no longer, Sir.

Rod. I go-- For his ſake-- I'll remove my Eyes,
In pity to the Pains the Guilty always feel
Before the Injur'd-- Farewel *Sebaſtian*. (*Ex. Offi. and* Rod.)

Caſ. (*Aſide*) Ha! He nam'd *Sebaſtian*.
Theſe Accidents have then befall'n my Brother!
Shipwrack'd! Wretched! My Woes fall thick;
And I, perhaps, the unhappy Cauſe of all.
I'm glad the Warrants at *Moreno*'s Sute:
I muſt not tell him the miſtake; but yet
I'll plead his Cauſe, and wipe away the Stain,
That lies upon my Brother's Honour. (*Exit*)

Dra. Ha! I'm ſo aſtoniſh'd at the Villany of this Boy, that I did not mind his going.

Taq. Such a Coward too, Segnior; but I never knew a Rogue, but was alſo a Coward.

Dra. To diſown his Friend, and leave him in his neceſſity, a Raſcal: I warrant he can't drink above a Pint for his Share.

Taq. Let's after him, and beat him.

Dra. Come on, he deſerves it. (*Exeunt*)

Re-enter Cæſario *with* Laura.

Caſ. I'm glad I met thee, *Laura*! One can't have to do with Breeches, I ſee, without miſchief-- If I had not been a Man of great Conduct, I had pay'd for uſurping that bluſtering Sex.

Lau. What has happen'd to you, Madam?

Caſ. Nothing but a Duel or two, which I avoided with as much care as the *French* do ill News.

Lau. Some Lover of the Lady's, I ſuppoſe, has met with you-- That wou'd be hard, Madam, to be kill'd for another's Miſtreſs.

Caſ.

Caſ. Nay, it had been for my own Miſtreſs, I aſſure you-- For tho' I pleaded for *Moreno*, yet I gain'd for my ſelf-- I ſigh'd for him, but ſhe ſigh'd for me, *Laura*.

Lau, Miſchief on all hands! Ha! ha! I ſhou'd ha' dy'd with laughing at the miſtake! Sure, Madam, you were ſo much a Man as to promiſe her fair?

Caſ. No, I had nothing of a Man about me at that time, for I wou'd not delude her.

Lau. You ſhou'd ha' given her a little hope, to ha' been better aſſured of her Temper, for theſe *Venetian* Ladies are full of Plots-- Madam *Maintinon* her ſelf is not cunninger.

Caſ. Ha! Thou haſt put a doubt in my Head, that I was not aware of-- If this ſhou'd be a Deſign?

Lau. I can put you in a way to know, Madam.

Caſ. Dear *Laura*, how? I'd do any thing to be certain of her diſaffection to my Lord *Moreno*, my Happineſs depends on it.

Lau. She juſt ſent a Footman for the Duke's Phyſician, and I happen'd to anſwer him-- Now, Madam, tho' Ladies frequently ſend for him, yet ſhe never did before, and ſince your Ladyſhip's ſo good at Diſguiſes, I'll dreſs you up, and you may paſs upon her for him, which is a ſure way to get into her Secrets.

Caſ. I like it extremely—— But how ſhall I do to talk like a Doctor, and give Phyſick?

Lau. No body does Ladies, you know, Madam, they only feel their Pulſe, and tell 'em a pretty Story.

Caſ. Then I have no more to do, but think of my prating Doctor, and I can't fail.

Lau. The beſt Pattern in the World, Madam, for he had a Word and a Pill for every body.

Caſ. Let's about it quick; and tho' I have not ſeen the Duke ſince I came from her, yet I'm ſo fir'd with this Phyſical Enterprize, that I muſt purſue it.

And if Moreno *does her Thoughts employ,*
I come like a true Doctor—— to deſtroy.

End of the third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Villaretta, *and* Emilia.

Vill. I Need not counterfeit Sickneſs--- The invenom'd Dart has ſpread around a Poyſon that glows within my Breaſt, and beats in every Vein.

Em. Come, come, ſit down, and look ſick--- If the Doctor comes in, and finds you at ſhady Groves! and purling Streams! He won't feel your Pulſe, for there's none of thoſe Diſeaſes in the Diſpenſatory.

Vill. (*ſits down*) Well! Then what Diſtemper wou'd you adviſe me to?

Em. Any Woman's, there are a thouſand! The Cholick! Vapours! Whimſy! Spleen! Opinion----! You can't want a Diſeaſe, no more than he a Remedy.

Vill. I'm afraid he has none for me--- *Ceſario* is not one of his Medicines.

Em. Never doubt his Skill! A Phyſitian is as fit a Perſon for this Buſineſs, as a Prieſt, or a Midwife. But then you muſt uſe him like your Confeſſor, and tell him the bottom of your Heart.

Vill. If he ſhou'd think himſelf diſhonoured, and grow too ſcrupulous?

Em. I'd as ſoon believe him too religious---! That is, if you fee him well---- The unrewarded have a great many Scruples.

Vill. He ſhan't want that, *Emilia*--- I'll give him a Senator's Fee, if he ſucceeds! [*Enter Footman*]

Foot. Madam, the Doctor is come.

Vill. Wait on him in-- (*Exit Foot.*) Now for a Colour of Sickneſs-- One muſt have ſome regard to his Gravity, and not fall too quick upon the matter----

Em. By no means! He keeps his Coach, and you muſt not talk to him, no more than ſee him, like a walking Phyſitian.

Vill. You are miſtaken there, *Emilia*, for 'tis his Coach keeps him--- They ſet up a Coach, as others lay it down, out of neceſſity---

Em.

Em. He's coming, begin!

Vill. Hoe! hoe--! But muſt it be the Vapours, or the Spleen? *(in a low Voice)* *Em.* Soft! He's here!

Vill. Hugh! hoe--! Sick! ſick! [*Enter* Cæſ.]

Cæſ. (*bows very low to* Em.)

Vill. Doctor!

Cæſ. How does your Ladyſhip do?

Vill. Very ill! Hoe! (*holds out her Arm*)

Cæſ. (*feels her Pulſe*) Hum--! A little Feveriſh.

Vill. So troubled with Spleen all Day-- What muſt I take Doctor?

Cæſ. Let me ſee-- (*playing his Cane againſt his Mouth*) Your Ladyſhip muſt do nothing, but drink me a good Glaſs of Wine, with a few Drops, that I ſhall ſend you, and you'll be as well as ever you was in your Life.

Em. (*Aſide*) I muſt get a little Advice for nothing-- Doctor, I'm troubled with a trembling at my Heart in a Morning, what is good for it.

Cæſ. O! Madam, the only thing in the World, are my Drops! and Blooding, and Vomiting, or ſo-- (*Aſide*) I don't know what to ſay next.

Em. Will you write me a Preſcription of theſe Drops, Dr.?

Cæſ. (*Aſide*) What ſhall I do now--? Madam, I always make up my Medicines my ſelf-- Never truſt an Apothecary-- They're all Rogues, and their Shops hold nothing-- I never viſit a Lady of any Rank, but I leave her Chamber with more Druggs in it.

Em. (*Aſide*) I don't like a Fellow that won't let me be cheated as every body is cheated! He knows ſingularity catches the Crowd, and thrives the better for not being a Rogue the common way.

Cæſ. I hope, Madam, we ſhall bring it to that in a ſhort time, that every Preſcription, ſhall be as long as a Bill of Lading of an *Eaſt-India*-Ship, and that none but People of Quality ſhall pretend to be ſick.

Vill. That wou'd be very obliging, Sir, to diſtinguiſh us ſo kindly; for now every dirty Tradeſman, whoſe Wife has eat too much, muſt preſently ſend for a Doctor.

Cæſ.

Caſ. Who muſt take her by the Hand, Madam, tho' he brings away the Itch--! But Apothecaries have done this! I have made ſome advances, Madam, to put 'em quite down, out of an honeſt Indignation to their Rogueries, for I hate to ſee People of Quality abus'd....

Em. (*Aſide*) By any but your ſelf....

Caſ. Don't your Ladyſhip find a Languiſhingneſs in your Thoughts, and a Deſire to be alone.

Em. (*Aſide*) Hum! He ſmokes her Diſtemper-- I'll withdraw.... Lady *Villaretta*, I have Letters to write, and muſt take my leave. (*Exit*)

Vill. Your Servant.... Exactly ſo, dear Doctor.

Caſ. Then, Madam, 'tis certain, the Paſſions of the Mind have this effect on the Body.... Your Ladyſhip has ſomething that troubles you?

Vill. You have touch'd the very Spring of my Diſeaſe-- (*riſing*) And if you had a Medicine for that Doctor! You ſhou'd out-ſhine the Widow-making-Tribe, And all their College Honours.

Caſ. Ill anſwer for my Succeſs, Madam, tho' it were upon the Duke himſelf.

Vill. Now, Doctor, you are truly a Phyſitian! Your very Words have Balm above the richeſt Drug--! There is a Youth call'd *Caſ.* in your Family, do you know what he is?

Caſ. A Nobleman's Son of *France*... Further I cannot ſay—— But if 'tis he has touch'd your Breaſt——

Vill. 'Tis he, and only he! On him employ your generous Art— And as an earneſt of my future Bounty— (*gives a Purſe of Gold*)

Caſ. Oh! Madam——

Vill. No Words, Doctor--! Array'd with Beams like theſe, you are indeed *Apollo*'s Off-ſpring.....! The poor Phyſitian knows nothing.

Caſ. 'Tis doing violence to my ſelf, to take a Fee before I have done you good.

Vill. That, Doctor, belongs to a Bag of Ten thouſand more: Do you bring me Health, and you ſhall bear away the Elixir. (*Exeunt*)

Scene

Scene the Ryalto.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Pedro.

NOT ſeen *Rodoregue* yet?

Ped. Nor any one elſe in theſe Walks—— Duke has but a thin Table to day, Sir, no body es with him, but your Honour and your humble ant.

b. Hold your grumbling Raſcal! you ſhall Eat pre- y.

d. Sir, you command me intirely——If I was a an at this time, that would ſtop my mouth—— ny fear was Sir, that if I had dy'd here, the Serch- would a miſtook my Diſeaſe, and laid a Courtiers to my charge; the Gout, or the merry Conſump- No body'd a thought of a Souldiers death, Starving! ſe I have Money in my Pocket, and a Shirt

. Hum! a very uſeful amuſement!

d. Alas! Sir, 'twas worſe than that for to divert my n——

. Your Spleen Scoundrel!

d. My Hunger Sir, which is the ſame Diſtemper in ger Brothers——

Enter Villaretta's *Footman.*

Foot. Sir, Sir!

Ped. Ha!

Foot. You ſee Sir, I'm come again!

Seb. Friend?

Foot. Tother meſſage to you Sir.

Ped. [*Aſide*] This fellow looks like a Pimp, there's ſomething in the Wind!

Seb. Tother meſſage! why I never ſaw thee before.

Foot. Ha! ha! ha! ha! good efaith!

Seb. Prethee Friend recall thy Senſes, for I may put an end to thy mirth, ſooner than thou expects.

Ped. [*Aſide*] My Maſter's ſo dull of late, he ſpoils every thing.

Foot. That is to ſay Sir, I don't know you! nor am ſent for you now by my Lady, to bid you come to her——

Ped. [*Aſide*] Right!——

Foot. Nor your Name is not *Caſario*——nor is this my Noſe! nothing that is ſo! is ſo!

Seb. No Sir, nothing that thou haſt mention'd is ſo and thou art mad.

Ped. [*Aſide*] I cou'd hang my Maſter now.

Foot. One of the Company may be touc'd Sir, but I wont name his Name, becauſe he's apt to be Angry——[*Aſide*] Never ſaw me before!——

Ped. Harkie Friend, are you ſure you was ſent to this Gentleman?

Foot

Foot. Why do you ask Sir.

Ped. Becauſe Sir, there is a Perſon in the Company, that wou'd not be ſo backward to wait upon her Ladyſhip.

Seb. I'll break your head Raſcal.

Ped. Nay Sir, that is not fair, when you have no Stomack your ſelf, to hinder me from a good Meal.

Seb. Prithee Friend, now thou ſee'ſt thy miſtake, leave us while thou art well.

Foot. If I left you ſo, I ſhou'd not be long well, for my Lady'd turn me out of doors —— Ha! ha! to come home and tell her I have been perſwaded out of my Eye-ſight! Death! Sir, 'twas not two minutes ago that you was with her.

Seb. Art thou very ſure of that Friend?

Foot. Ay Sir, and will ſwear it too.

Ped. [*Aſide*] This fellow can't be a Footman, he's ſome Attorney's Clerk, by his Evidence.

Enter Drances *and* Taquilet.

Taq. Here he is!--there's for thee Coward!-- } *Strikes* Sebaſt.

Seb. And there's for you, and you *Villanis*! } *He and* Pedro *knock down* Drances *&* Taq.

Taq. [*Kneels*] Good Sir, ſpare my life—— [*Trembling.*

Seb. This Slave is not worth Killing.

Taq. O! dear Sir, no! I have no merit at all Sir—— there are a Thouſand Ingenious Perſons that will come to the Gallows for their wit Sir, that deſerve your Sword——you'll diſhonour it upon me Sir.

Dran. [*Draws*] Since a fit of Courage has ſeiz'd you, come on young Gentleman.

Foot. [*Kneels between 'em*] O pray Signior ſtop! my Lady'll have you all Hang'd, if you hurt him.

Ped. Why art thou mad ſtill?——don't fear Evidence, you may bring 'em off at laſt, by Swearing they did not do it.

Foot. Here ſhe comes.

Enter Villaretta *and* Emilia.

Vill. Hold, on your Lives I charge ye!

Ped. [*Aſide*] Ha! what now?

Vill. [*To Dran.*] Muſt it be ever thus ungracious wretch,
" Fit for the Mountains and the barbarous Caves,
" Where manners never reach'd——out of my ſight!——
" Be not offended dear *Ceſario*——

Ped. [*Aſide*] Hum! She knows him too, as well as her Man.

Vill. But be thy Nature, gentle as thy Form,
That Parricide, with brutal violence had peirc'd
My heart within your boſome——
'Twas for my ſelf I Trembled.

Seb. Is this a Dream?
Am I or they miſtaken? Madneſs ſure
Was never ſo Harmonious——all agree!

Vill. You ſeem'd ſurpriz'd, as well you may, at this uncurtious uſage——But gentle Sir, go with me to my Houſe, and there I'll tell you Stories of his folly, that I hope will make you Smile at this.

Ped. [*Aſide*] Hum! She's for 'a cloſe conference——the buſineſs muſt be done out of hand.

Vill.

Vill. Let me at laſt prevail with you.

Seb. Madam you command me. (more,

Vill. O Charming ſound! that word tranſports me
Than all your Cruelties cou'd wrong before. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Pedro *and* Emilia.

Ped. [*Aſide*] A very whimſical Intreague. Now will he never be able to perſwade her that he is not the Perſon——And I warrant ſhe'll examine every Mole about him to be ſatisfy'd——— One can't gueſs how many Tokens ſhe'll know him by ——— O! my dear! theſe are the Lips, I'm ſure Kiſs't juſt ſo! and your Arms met about me in the very ſame manner!———I can't be miſtaken——pray put 'em round me once more——exactly———Ha! ha! I'll follow, the whole Family are of a piece, and 'tis very likely ſhe may have a Maid that will ſwear me out of my ſelf too, and examine my perſon with as much curioſity———Ha! here ſhe is! ſtays for that purpoſe——[*Bows very low.*

Em. [*Aſide*] I have a great mind to ask the Man what his Maſter thinks of *Villaretta.*

Ped. [*Bowing very low*] [*Aſide*] My Nimphs name I ſuppoſe is *Abigal.*

Em. [*Aſide*] The Valet is commonly the Privy Councellour.

Ped. [*Bows ſtill*] [*Aſide*] *Priſcilla*! I believe by her ſilence [*goes nearer and Bows*] Madam!

Em. [*Aſide*] O! he has a mind to ſpeak with me——What wou'ſt have Friend?

Ped. Ah Madam——ſomething that I dare not mention.

Em.

Em. What can that be?

Ped. [*Aſide*] Right! —— Why truly Child as you ſay, what can that be? *Offers to take her by the hand, and looks in her Face.*

Em. Ha! Villain! what inſolence is this? ——I'll ſend ſome to you that ſhall teach you manners. [*ſtrikes him*] *Exit.*

Ped. Hum! my Miſtreſs I find is not altogether ſo fond as my Maſter's——tho' ſhe's more familiar——! a Virago! a Man muſt make Love in Armour, if he has any value for his fore Teeth——She'd make an excellent Wife for a Dragoon——She'd keep him from making Muſters, I'll ingage! [*Exit.*

Enter Moreno *and* Cæſario.

Mor. Thy words pierce thro' me, every accent flies
Loaded with mortal Poyſon to my heart;
Sure *Venus*'s Son is deaf, as well as blind,
For every God, but Love, is mov'd by pray'r.

Caſ. My Lord forgot her——She's a peviſh Beauty,
That likes her ſelf too much to ſee your merit:
Grief is for little People, may
Th' Illuſtrious Duke of *Venice* feel no care.

Mor. Poor *Cæſario*! thou look'ſt upon
The gaudy glittering out-ſide of Power!
And ſeeſt not the diſſappointments, cares,
Anxieties, and impoſſible wiſhes that are under.
Curſe on the forward fool, that firſt Ambition fir'd
To ſtep above the quiet level of his Race,
Leaving happy to be great!——Had I not been a Prince,
Villaretta might a pitty'd me.

Caſ.

Cæſ. Say that her Heart's devoted to another,
As your's to her, or as ſome Woman elſe
May ſigh my Lord for you:
Wou'd you then hope for pitty in her Breaſt;
Or wou'd you give it to the bleeding Dame?

Mor. She is not to be weigh'd with common things;
A Prize like her ſhou'd be the World's diſpute,
And Crown at laſt Superiour merit.
What wou'd he do for her that I'd refuſe?

Cæſ. If I were ſhe, and judge of that diſpute,
The ſtriving World with ſcorn I wou'd refuſe?
And throw the Prize into your Higneſſes Arms.

Mor. Dear partial Boy!
Thou ſtill haſt ſomething to delude my cares:
How ſhall I reward thy kindneſs——I'll give
The any thing thou asks me.

Cæſ. Thank ye my Lord!—Remember but that promiſe,
And I'm happy!

Mor. I'll give you inſtance now *Cæſario*,
Of my good wiſhes to you——You ſay that
Rodoregue Reſcu'd you, and is my Priſoner.

Cæſ. He is my Lord, they call him *Rodoregue*,
And ſaid he was a Traitor to the State.
Forgive me Sir, for pleading for your Enemy;
All that are yours are mine.

Mor. Lead to him *Cæſario*, and reſt aſſur'd,
However Criminal he is to me,
His ſervices to you ſhall cancel all,
And leave me in his debt——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Pedro.

Seb. "THis is the Air! that is the Glorious Sun!
"This Pearl ſhe gave me.--I do ſee! and feel it!
No ſhape of fancy, or deluſive dream:
A Woman too, that has Wit! that has Honour!
And Charms enough to make a Man upon
The Wrack forget his Pains! ———
Yet it is wondrous all! and Madneſs! ſomewhere ſhe calls me *Cæſario*! cruel! and talks with the aſſur'd Air of long Acquaintance! what can be the meaning?

Ped. The plaineſt in the World Sir.

Seb. Ha! have they told thee, unriddle *Pedro*?

Ped. Its no Riddle at all, I know a little of Woman's temper Sir, for I was Pimp to my Lord *Midnight* before I came to your Honour, and when a Woman had a mind to his Perſon or Money, ſhe'd rail at him, trip before him, or write an angry Letter to him for abuſing her——Now this Lady Sir, pretends to be your old Acquaintance, that's all.

Seb. It might be ſo, if ſhe deſign'd a Gallantry, but this is for Marriage, Blockhead.

Ped. Ha! ha! a Plot to put Love out of Countenance; ſhe has ſo quick a ſenſe of this matter Sir, that ſhe wou'd try to allay it with the Air of a Licenſe, a Prieſt, and a Sack-Poſſet! Ay Sir, I wiſh ſhe were in earneſt, for ſhe's the Richeſt Lady in *Venice*. The Duke himſelf makes Love to her.

Seb. How can'ſt tell?

Ped.

Ped. You know Sir, I am the humble follower of your ſteps——and fearing I ſhould betray you if I look'd like a Stranger, where you was ſo well acquainted, I offer'd to ſqueeſe her Woman by the hand; but inſtead of finding the great civility of her Lady, it preſently walk'd about my Ears at ſuch a rate, that nothing but her Tongue cou'd go faſter.

Seb. She ſerv'd you well.

Ped. She is the firſt Lady's Woman of your Honour's Accquaintance, that did not admire a Man of my Breeding.

Seb. To the purpoſe Raſcal!

Ped. She threaten'd very hard, but a compaſſionate Footman took pitty of me, and carry'd me into a Sellar Sir, that holds the beſt Cure of the Spleen in *Venice*, and over a Flask of it, told me the ſecret of the Family——In ſhort Sir, her Riches are as great as her Civility, and the Duke had rather Marry her than the Sea.

Seb. If this and ſhe be true, nothing can add to my good fortune, but to find my Siſter Lives.

Ped. Saving that Sir, this will prove a lucky Shipwreck——Fortune's grown an *Engliſh* Banker, and breaks you only to Enrich you.

Seb. Hold, here ſhe comes——

Enter Villaretta *and* Prieſt.

Vill. Blame not this haſt *Cæſario*! if you mean well:
" Go with me now into the *Chauntry* by,
" And underneath that Conſecrated Roof,
" Before this holy Man,

" Plight me the full aſſurance of your Faith,
" That my moſt jealouſe and too doubtful Soul
" May live at peace.

Seb. None with your Eyes to doubt their wiſhes needs;
I want no force where ſo much Beauty pleads!
Let the good Man Lead on———
Before the Altar, I'll your peace inſure,
And Plight a Faith, that ever ſhall indure.

Vill. The ſumm of all my wiſhes, dear *Cæſario*!
———Proceed good Father: Quick your bleſſing give,
'Tis all from you and Heav'n I'd now receive!

[*Exeunt all but* Pedro.

Ped. Hum! good Chaplain make haſt——Ay! ſharp ſet, and don't care how ſoon Grace is ſaid! If this Marriage goes on, I ſhall be a great Man! The firſt thing I do, ſhall be to bring that inſolent Jade that box'd me upon her Knees, to ſhow my power; and I'll Marry her after, to continue my Dominion, for I love Gratitude extreamly——Then all the Imployments in the Government, I reckon will be at my diſpoſal——I'll be Secretary of State my ſelf, tho' I can't Write——But to have a place, is to be fit for it, and to Receive the Salary, is to diſcharge it well——So look Important, Signior *Pedro*. [*Exit ſtrutting.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter ſeveral running over the Stage, crying out ſtop Thief——After which,

Enter Rodoregue.

Rod. I Have given 'em the ſlip——But where can I fly?—— A lucky Fellow now wou'd eſcape, but he that's to be oppreſs'd by the malice of a Judge, has no chance——Ha!—— [*without——ſtop Thief*] I'llp etend to be Drunk, and ſo far at leaſt ſhall look like an honeſt fellow—— Ti roll doll ——

Enter Two Souldiers, and one of the Mob.

Mob. That's he! That's he! Knock him down, while I call the Captain—— [*Exit.*

Rod. Quarter Brother Souldier! Quarter!

1. *Soul.* Brother Souldier Dog! What to a Thief?

Rod. Ay! ay! We both live upon Plunder, and are both Men of Honour——there's no difference.

2. *Soul.* How Raſcal! no difference 'twixt Souldiers and Robbers?

Rod. None in the World Sir——Only we Rob for our ſelves, and you for another body, that's all.

2. *Soul.* [*Strikes him*] Dog! muſt you be Jokeing with Gentlemen?

Rod. Sir: I'm your humble Servant.

1. *Soul.* Harkee *Tom*! let's inquire into his Pockets before the Captain comes, the Rogue wont feel——

Rod. No Sir, no more than hear.

2. *Soul.* [*Strikes him*] Why you Eves-dropping Raſcal, muſt you be liſtening to Gentlemen's diſcourſe.

1. *Soul.* What wont a Rogue do, that makes no difference between Robbing a Houſe, and Plundering like a Souldier?

Rod. I confeſs it is not to compare to Robbing a whole Country ——But I thought Gentlemen, it ſhow'd a Genious for it——A Man may come to Play at Cheſs in time, that begins at One and Thirty

1. *Soul.* You are merry Sir.

Rod. So ſays every dull Fellow, when he can't put the Mirth about himſelf——But come Raſcals, I'll make you merry to——[*Takes a Box out of his Pocket*] I know your too much Courtiers to take Bribes, but every thing is yours that you fight for: So here's a Jewel in this Box——for him that can win it---

Throws it between 'em, which while they ſcramble for, he runs off, but is taken by the Capt. who enters at the ſame time.

Capt. Well met *Rodoregue.*

Rod. O! Barbarous Fortune.

Capt. She's kind to me, who had been loſt had you eſcap'd——The Duke is here——[*Aſide*] And muſt not know my negligence.

Enter

Enter Moreno, Cæſario, Rodoregue, *and* Officers.

Offi. An't pleaſe your Highneſs!
This is that *Rodoregue!* who with hoſtile keels,
So long has plough'd our Adriatick Seas:
We found him quarrelling in the Streets of *Venice*,
Without concern or ſhame.
Cæſ. Sir, let not that be in his Accuſation!
My Danger brought him there;
He Reſcu'd me from the Inſults of Two Ruffians;
Drew on my ſide, and ſav'd my life.
Mor. For that I am oblig'd to him.
Cæſ. But when he was apprehended,
He put a ſtrange behaviour on;
And ſpoke to me as his old Acquaintance;
With grave and orderly diſtraction.
Mor. Rodoregue! what ſtrang deſign
Cou'd thus expoſe you ſingle to their mercy's:
" Whom thou in terms ſo bloody and ſo dear,
" Haſt made thy Enemies?
Rod. Noble *Moreno!*
No publick cauſe or enmity to you.
" A Witchcraft drew me hither;
" That moſt ungrateful Youth there by your ſide.
" From you rude Seas, enrag'd and foamy mouth (ſake,
" Did I redeem, a Wretch paſt hope! —For whoſe ſole

Known

Known as I was, a publick Foe to *Venice*:
I lay'd aſide the cares of my own ſafety,
And here expos'd me to this adverſe Town,
Where not an hour ago beſet with Villains;
I drew my ready Sword in his defence,
And ſav'd a ſecond time his Life:
But ſoon as the publick Officers had ſeiz'd me,
And I became the Wreck of Fortune's ſpite,
And in my turn his doubtleſs ſuccour needed!
Inſtead of a ſtretch'd out Arm to ſave me,
Inſtead of drawing to relieve his Friend;
He grew a ſtranger to my very Name!
And baſely vow'd he ſaw me not before;
Deny'd me my own Purſe with pitty, for his fate
Had made me recommend this morning to his uſe.

Cæſ. With wonder and with ſhame I hear him ſpeak,
I ſcorn to leſſon what is done for me:
He ſav'd me from Two Ruffians, and my breaſt
Is big with Gratitude for the Generous deed:
But I am ſtill a ſtranger to the reſt,
And ſtill muſt vow I ſaw him not before.

Rod. Exquiſite Impudence! This Boy wou'd make his Fortune in a Court——'Tis pitty they ſhou'd looſe ſo promiſing a Villain!

Mor. Hold *Rodoregue*! you ſay you brought him hither: When came he to this Town?

Rod. To day my Lord, and for a Month before,
(Kept back by Storms from making of the Land)
Both day and night did we keep Company.

Mor. Diſtraction all, or vain deſign,
To raiſe the merit of your Friendſhip!

Rod. No gallant ſpirit has ſo mean a drift:
I wou'd not Lye, as well *Moreno* knows,
I wou'd not run away——And 'tis

A meaner Cowardice to ſhrink from Truth,
Than fly the face of Man.

Mor. Then thou art Mad, *Rodoregue*! for this Youth
Has been theſe Six days in my Family,
The conſtant Servant of my wiſhes.

Rod. You too *Moreno*!

Enter Villaretta.

Mor. Hold this anon! Here comes *Villaretta*!
Now Heav'n walks on Earth, and Beauty round
Invades us all! Each glance devotes a Slave,
And every ſtep, ſhe treads upon a heart,
All of the Skies, but pitty you have brought. *She draws near.*

Vill. Theſe Gallantries, my Lord, are loſt on me;
So long you've play'd this old forbidden tune,
If I had ever lov'd it, 'twou'd a cloy'd me.

Mor. "Still ſo cruel, Lady!

Vill. "Still ſo conſtant, Lord!

Mor. For ever ſcorn'd!——Injoy the ſullen pow'r
Of bleſſing none——I will reſume my heart,
Which all the Heav'n about you ſhan't recall.

Vill. My Lord, I have no Heav'n or Stars to boaſt off;
If I'm allay'd to any thing above,
'Tis in the Raptures of *Cæſario*'s Love!

Mor. *Cæſario*! ha! Haſt thou betray'd me?
And am I made a Sacrifice to thee! [*Draws.*

Cæſ. [*Kneels*] Oh! no my Lord, I have not done you (wrong,
But I wou'd die to give you quiet.

Vill.

Vill. *Cæſario* fear him not! 'Tis I command you.
" Be what thou know'ſt thou art, and then
" Thou art as great as he thou ſhrink'ſt from. (ceiv'd me;
Mor. [*Looking on him*] How has this ſmiling ſlave de-
And *Rodoregue*'s wrongs are now too Evident:
But thou ſhalt pay for all. { *Offers to Stab her,*
Vill. *ſteps between,*
Laur. O hold my Lord, a moment { *and* Laura *Enters*
hold! *and holds his Arm.*
Mor. Ha!
Laur. *Caſ*——*ſa*——*rio*—— [*Weeps.*
Mor. What?
Laur. Is a Woman!
Mor. How?
Laur. A poor unhappy Woman!
Vill. A Woman Wench! Thou art diſtracted!
Mor. What miſtery is this? A Woman?
Laur. Yes my good Lord, I know it to be ſo.
Vill. But I who know better, ſay he is a Man, and my Husband——'Twou'd be ſtrange if I did not know.
Mor. Ha! Is this true?
Caſ. No my wrong'd Lord, I never yet was Wed, Nor ever cou'd to her.
Mor. This cloud grows darker.
Vill. 'Tis but the baſeneſs of his fear before you:
Call in the Prieſt.
He ſoon will clear it to your Highneſs;
And ſhow the ſtrangeneſs of that Woman's Story.
Laur. Madam, I'll die by what I ſay.
Mor. I am confounded.

Enter

Enter Prieſt.

Vill. Moſt wellcome holy Sir—— Father, I charge Thee by the reverence
Thou bearſt to Truth, here to unfold
What newly's paſt, between this Youth and me?
Prieſt. A contract of Eternal Bond of Love, Vill. *looks pleas'd,* Cæſ. *Aſtoniſh'd,* Mor. *Enrag'd.*
" Confirm'd by mutual Joinder of your hands,
" Strengthen'd by Interchangment of the Rings,
" And all the Ceremony of this compact,
" Seal'd in my Function by my Teſtimony:
" Since which, my Watch has told me t'ward my Grave,
" I've Travell'd but two Hours.
Mor. Now the Viſor's off abandon'd Hypocrite.
Vill. Nay you ſhan't Kill him for his fear;
'Tis me he wrongs.
Mor. He ſhan't another, Madam—— *Offering to ſtrike,*
Laur. Hold my Lord, don't Kill her, Laura *holds him kneelling.*
let her be ſearch'd firſt, and you'll be ſatisfy'd.
Caſ. O ſave me from his Rage—— [*To* Rodoregue.
Rod. Begone Villain, and think not I'll protect thee more.

Enter Sebaſtian, *and Draws.*

Seb. Rodoregue! My Friend in Danger?
Caſ. [*Aſide*] My Brother!
Rod. Sebaſtian, then are you?
Seb. " Do'ſt thou fear that *Rodoregue*?

Rod. "How have you made Diviſion of your ſelf
"An Apple cleft in two is not more Twin!
Which is *Sebaſtian?*

Mor. Ha!

Vill. Which is *Cæſario?* I don't know my Husband!

Seb. Madam, this holy Man will anſwer for me.

Vill. That's more than you can tell, for he has already anſwer'd for another.

Prieſt. I verily don't know what to ſay!

Mor. "One Face! One Voice! One Habit! And Two Perſons!

Enter Pedro *half Drunk.*

Ped. Terol dol! dol!

Vill. Here's his Man, I'll ask him——Harkee Friend, which is your Maſter?

Ped. My Maſter Madam! Why you're the only Woman in *Venice*, by this time that don't know my Maſter.

Vill. Worſe and worſe!—— [*Aſide.*

Ped. He's very open hearted Madam, and if you'll tell me where you Lodge, you ſhan't live in Ignorance half an hour.

Vill. [*Aſide*] This is another Death to me.

Ped. But now I think on't, he has Marry'd a Widow to day, and ſhe'll take care of him the firſt Night, my dear.

Vill. Begone Raſcal! [*Strikes him.*

Ped.

Ped. Nay, if there's ſuch danger in your fingers, I'll keep my Maſter out of your Arms. [*Exit* Ped.

Seb. [*Who has been viewing* Cæſ.] Forgive me Sir, this freedom, it concerns me:
But ſomething while I look, diſſolves my breaſt,
And melts down all that's Man—— [*hides his Eyes.*

Caſ. What memory affects you Sir,

Seb. A Siſter's! whoſe very features yours;
Tender and good as Angels!
Whom *Neptune* blindly in his rage devour'd:
For had he ſeen, he had himſelf been loſt——
But curteous Sir, what Nation are you of?
Did *France* receive the honour of your Birth?
What Kin are you to me?

Caſ. You call up all my ſhame into my Cheeks;
I've ſtrove to hide that ſecret from the World,
For what I do, diſhonours what I am,
My Family is Noble, and my Country
The moſt Civiliz'd ——
But leaſt you ſhou'd diſcredit my account,
Behold this evidence of what I ſay—— { *Shows the Mole on her Arm.*

Seb. [*Imbraces her*] My Siſter! my *Viola*!

Caſ. *Sebaſtian*! (you?

Seb. Are you then living! how has Heaven preſerv'd
I'm all aſtoniſhment and joy.

Caſ. Theſe weeds upbraid me now too much,
To let me ſpeak——The Duke of *Venice*
Owns me for his Page.

Vill. And I thought too you were my Husband?

Seb. Nature forbid the unfruitful Knot;
She wou'd not, Madam, fill ſuch Arms in vain,
And kindly brought me in my Siſter's Room.

Vill. [*To the Prieſt*] Why Doctor, we don't know what we have done here!

Mor. " Be not amaz'd! Right noble is his Blood;
I now recall *Sebaſtian*'s Family,
And if *Cæſario* be his Siſter,
I muſt claim a part in this days fortune——
Cæſario, you have often ſaid you lov'd me.

Cæſ. I have my Lord, and now this Lady is diſpos'd (of:
I here confirm whatever I have ſaid. (mine;

Mor. You make me more your Slave, than you was
The merit of your Breaſt I lov'd before;
And if mine, Madam, does not appear
Leſs worthy for the Love it bore another——

Cæſ. My Lord, it rather adds unto its value:
Your generous carriage to that cruel Beauty;
Your tender Paſſion! and your conſtant Faith,
Increas'd at once my Love and my Diſpair;
But ſince my Rival has another Bleſt,
That noble Honour, and that matchleſs Truth,
May now reward a heart that Loves you.

Mor. In that alone, I ſhall deſerve it:
My Heav'n! my *Viola*! my *Cæſario*!
Let the dear Name ſurvive——tho' I diſcharge
The ſervice——And now you are
" Your Maſters Miſtreſs!

Cæſ. My Lord, I'll exerciſe the power you give me
In one command; that you wou'd ſuccour *Rodoregue*.

Mor. If I had look'd that way, I had prevented you;
Rodoregue ſhall ſhare the bleſſings of this hour,
My preſent Service, and my future Friendſhip.

Vill. And now our Families are thus United,
Let's Celebrate our general Joy together:
A Mask was made to Adorn *Cæſario*'s Nuptials;
It will agree, to which ſo e'er apply'd,

For

For I Marry'd *Cæsario*, my Lord, as well as you;
Sebastian is my second Husband——

Mor. Then to *Cæsario* dedicate the Day;
Since 'twas *Cæsario* that has bleſt us all.

[*Let the Mask begin.*

After the Mask.

Mor. Now the Adventures of the Day are over;
We may look back with pleaſure on our Toils,
And thro' the various turns this truth obſerve;
That Honeſty is ſtill the care of Providence!
By *Rodoregue*, we ſee that good will wait upon a
Worthy action —— By *Sebaſtian*, that Fortune can't
long ſtain an honeſt Friendſhip.

And here I find, that ſome kind Star above,
Has ſtill a Bleſſing left for Honeſt Love.

The E N D.